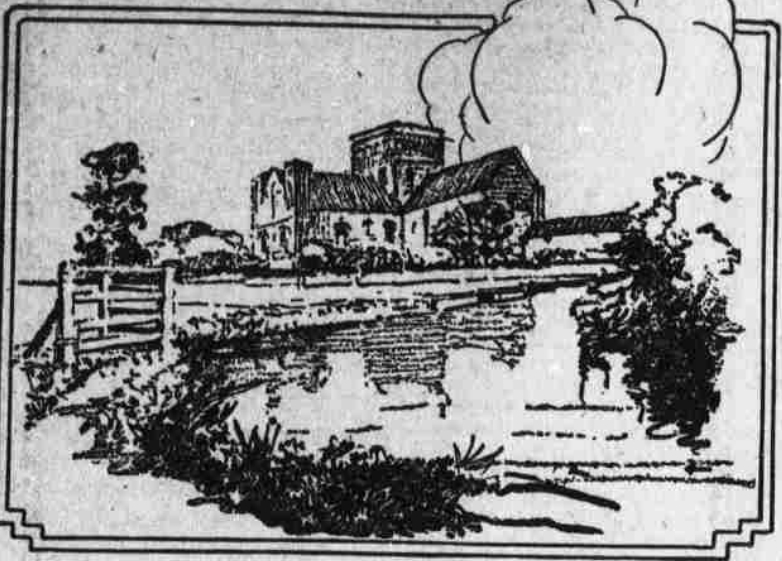


# In the Valley of the Ithchen



St. Cross, Winchester.

ON THIS morning of spring, when the sun, at last, after many weeks of retirement, has shown his golden face above the eastward downs, any city—even so fair a city as Winchester—seems for the moment, undesirable. One seeks instinctively a wider sky-space, hills and meadows, and the flow of the new-fallen waters for company. These are in the valley of the Ithchen, writes a correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor.

Through the cathedral close the way lies, down the avenue, past the western door and out before the spaces of emerald lawn, above which towers this majestic pile, within whose walls, and around them, are memoried so much of England's history, from great Alfred and Canute, past William of Wykeham and Wolsey, to the modern men of learning and lawn sleeves.

Beautifully harmonious are the surroundings, both in line and color—soft grays of full round Norman arches, vivid greens of cloister-garth, blending with the darker tints of immemorial yews, and the golden sheen of lichen upon gnarled tree-trunks. Here are rich reds and browns, upon the tiled copings of mossy walls, on barge-boards of ancient gabled roofs and in the delicate rose-pink network of interlacing twigs, through which the cathedral town is seen. Thus, among ever-changing charms, you twist and turn, now round a corner, beneath the shadow of an arch, now out again into the full sunlight, before another bend leads you once more through the pleasant gloom of the eastern gate.

Beside Wykeham's college, modestly fronting the road, is a little humble, buff-colored building, with an oriel window, and a legend reminding us that here Jane Austen lived her later days. Her house, among so many surrounding grandeur, wears—as I suppose the writer herself wore—an air of shy timidity, not without grace in these, sometimes, too blatant days.

Here are Wykehamists, fresh-faced, in straw hats, symbolizing a coming summer, and here, past the gray ruins of Wolsey castle—where Mary of England, before her marriage, feted her Spanish husband-to-be—are the fresh green water-meadows of the Ithchen, and beyond, clear-cut against the skyline, the tree-crested ridge of St. Catherine's hill, with memories of King Charles II and of the college's "Dulce Domum."

## The Waters Splash and Bubble.

On either side the meadow path the waters splash and bubble, swish and eddy with a music most melodious and meaningful, even to those unlearned in fish lore. Gray gulls hover, mirrored in the shining surface, and linger over it, so as to set one wondering what lure it was that led them from their open sea into this inland Hampshire valley. Down below, above a sandy bed, the forest of fern-like water weeds bends to the current, and the minnows—or the minnow-kind—dart and play about its glades. Right ahead there is age-long majesty again—the gabled roofs and towered church of the Hospital of St. Cross, embowered in ancestral elms. Here I sit, upon a white stile, to enjoy a fleeting glimpse of a thatched roof, and watch, across the sliding water-mirror, the fringe of pink feathery grasses nodding and quivering to the breeze.

I am tempted almost to go into the hospital, and demand the "Wayfarer's Dole"—not that I want the dole—which, moreover, is meager during these days—but that it is pleasant to partake of a charity practiced for so many centuries by the brethren in red and black. Some say—I hardly know with what truth—that St. Cross is the hospital in which Anthony Trollope placed "The Warden" of the novel so named, and of "Barchester Towers." Trollope, in his autobiography names Salisbury, not Winton, as the city in which he first conceived the story of that gentle priest; but, Barchester being a county of his own imagining, he may well have conjured a little with English topography. And, thinking of Trollope—while my eyes linger upon the crocus-gemmed lawns of St. Cross, and the orange-budded chestnut twigs shiny with flowing sap—how many others, famous in literature, have trod these velvet paths, and those of the hills on either hand!

## A Goodly Five.

"Old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster" perhaps, from his place at

King's Lambourn; Alexander Pope, a boy from fair Twyford village, musing already upon the nature of man; John Keble of the "Christian Year," from his vicarage at Hursley; John Keats, from over Hazeley Down, with the "Ode to Autumn" fashioning itself in his mind:

Where are the songs of spring—aye where are they?  
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,  
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue—

and—matching the best of these in genius and in charm—the gentle author of "Emma" and "Northanger Abbey" from her modest home by the cathedral close. Truly a goodly five!

Hereabouts the path mounts awhile from the river bed, beside hedges, that are vocal with the soft flutter of wings, the fluting of hidden birds, and the sudden stir and rustle of small hedgerow life. Drawn by patient brown ponies, slowly mounting the hill, come two gypsy-carts, green-painted, from whose rickety chimneys long wreaths of blue smoke curl upward and vanish. The weather-tanned nomads, each at a horse's head, the cheeky, eager-eyed, tangled boys behind them, the momentary glimpses of a "home," caught through half-open doors, leave somehow, a sense of alluring vagabondage.

A moment later I am down in the valley meadows again, where going is not easy over those winter sodden ways. But what matter mud and water, when every copse is bursting into leaf, and the young spring carols in your ears? Even the pink pigs cease from their nosing on the bank, to gaze and grunt acquiescence. Two gray mares cock their ears, and stare; a speckled trout splashes from under my very feet, ankle-deep in the flood that pours joyously through every water-gate. Across bridge after bridge, wading rather than walking, I reach terra firma again, and soon am resting beneath the big yew tree that stands beside Twyford church.

## MASS OF WONDROUS COLORS

Beauties of Sea-Gardens Along the Massachusetts Coast Are Almost Beyond Description.

Along the rocky coast of Nahant, Mass., the tide, rising and falling through a distance of nine feet, leaves as it recedes, quiet pools in the holes and crevices at the base of the cliffs, where flourish little worlds of marine plant and animal. Of these tide-pools of Nahant, the "Agassiz cave" contains one of the most beautiful of the sea-gardens of the northern shore. Completely covered at high tide, at low water the mysteries of its recesses are revealed to wondering human eyes.

Many-colored star-fishes and sea anemones, gorgeous sea weeds, fragile, pink-hearted hydroids clustered in flower-like masses, delicate pink fronds of coralline, iridescent, violet-tipped Irish moss gleaming like jewels in the sunlight, and velvety green clusters of sea-lettuce—these are some of the beauties of the tide-pool. All have been exactly reproduced in the American museum, under the direction of Roy W. Miner, associate curator of the department of invertebrate zoology.

## Ended in Smoke.

I was a member of the summer colony in a small New England town. We were ever in search of novelty, and toward the end of the season decided to have a play and give the natives a treat.

The whole town came out, and (we thought) were duly impressed. At the climax the hero stalked in, brandishing a document, and, in a dramatic voice, cried, "I have the papers." Then a voice from the back row bellowed, "I have the makin's!" That, of course, ruined our play.

Needless to say, we attempted no more dramatics.—Chicago Tribune.

## Little Possimist.

For weeks the weather had been beautiful, and the morning of the picnic there was not a cloud in the sky. When everything was packed and all were ready to start, Buddy hurried into the house and came out carrying an umbrella, muttering to himself, "It'll be sure to rain before we get back."

## GREAT LESSON OF WAR OVERLOOKED

CHIEF FAULT IN THE GENERAL STAFF ARMY BILL POINTED OUT BY THE EXPERTS.

### BUREAU HEADS ARE SHIFTING

Army Officers Are Admittedly Not Good at Business, Yet Would Be Called On to Handle Big Industrial and Financial Affairs.

By EDWARD B. CLARK.

Washington.—The general staff has sent to congress a bill for the reorganization of the regular army. As a matter of fact this bill outlines for the United States such a future military policy as the authorities of the war department would like to see enacted into law.

There are many reasons today why a bill for the reorganization of the regular army should be of vital greater interest to the people of the United States than ever before. The country is divided into various camps of opinion on the subject of the army of the future. The army has its viewpoint; labor has its viewpoint; the man who believes in sane preparedness has his viewpoint; the pacifist has his viewpoint; and the so-called antimilitarists have their viewpoint. The army bill as finally adopted will have a marked influence in the next presidential campaign for the good or evil of this candidate or that candidate.

As service men view the bill, its weaknesses or its strengths do not lie so much in the question of what size the army is to be, but rather in the method of its formation and of its government.

It is not proper for one who has had comparatively little military service and is far from being an expert along any military lines to attempt to pass judgment on technical matters as they appear in this proposed legislation, but there has been one lesson drawn from this great war, and which it has been supposed everybody had learned, that seems on the face of things, it is said, to have been ignored by the army authorities who drew this legislation and sent it to congress.

### One Great Lesson Ignored.

If there was one thing which this war taught more sharply and specifically than it taught anything else it was that army officers with their training are not necessarily good business men. An American army officer, as the records of the regulars will show from the time that the records began, are good fighters, but that they have business heads of the leaders of great corporations no one need deceive themselves in believing for a moment. The officers themselves say they are not "good at business." It is proposed in the bill now before congress that the chiefs or heads of all bureaus, and this means technical bureaus as well as others, shall be line officers—cavalrymen, artillerymen, infantrymen, etc., without any fixed time to remain in office and consequently subject to removal at any time.

Now, what does this mean? It means that the duties of the judge advocate general's department, the finance department, the motor transport corps, the ordnance department, the chemical warfare service, the duties of the signal corps, the tank corps and the quartermaster corps are to be performed by detail from the active fighting service, and that the men so detailed are to hold their positions perhaps just long enough to become efficient, and then possibly are to go back to the work from which they were called.

Heretofore in the service the only fixed departments, so far as their personnel was concerned, were those of surgery and medicine and the engineer corps. It is held by army officers and civilians who have studied the lessons of the war that there are other departments of the army which require a personnel which shall be fixed in its tenure of office.

### What Happened Early in the War.

Presumably all Americans know what happened in some of the supply organizations in the army of the United States shortly after the war broke out. Men who had been trained for line officer work were in charge temporarily of supply departments. Senators, representatives and army officers say they did their work well enough while these departments were called upon to supply only the needs of our small standing army. All at once the cavalrymen, artillerymen and others who were holding these temporary places were called upon to make good in work which would tax the qualities of the greatest captains of industry and finance in the United States.

The contention is that when men are detailed for ordnance, signal corps, air service or chemical warfare work they should be men chosen for their qualifications along the necessary lines and should be kept in the service for which they show an aptitude. Men here who seem to have learned the lessons of the recent war say that this is the only method to be employed in efficiency and preparedness are to be assured. As it has been put strongly but in brief by one known as an authority in army and war matters: "The personnel of the supply and technical corps should be permanent with provisions for employing experts from the outside."

## TO SECURE RATIFICATION

Substitute Resolutions Drafted and Discussed at Length in Private Cloakroom Conferences.

Washington.—Marked indications of a compromise in the senate controversy over reservations to the league of nations covenant came from both democratic and republican sources after Republican Leader Lodge had announced that the peace treaty would be reported to the senate and probably taken up for consideration next week.

Probably the most important development of the day was a statement to the senate by Senator Simmons, of North Carolina, prominent in administration leadership, declaring "some concessions in the way of reservations will have to be made to secure its ratification." Although "utterly" opposing some of the Lodge reservations, Senator Simmons said he was suggesting a compromise on "conservative reservations of an interpretative character."

Republican senators continued efforts to compromise differences over a reservation to Article 10 of the league covenant. Senators McCumber, North Dakota, Kellogg, Minnesota, and Lenroot, of Wisconsin were said to have drafted substitute reservations which were discussed privately in lengthy cloakroom conferences.

## IS NOT YET TOO LATE TO TRY GENERAL HARTS.

Paris.—It is not yet too late to bring Brigadier General William W. Harts to trial by a court martial if it appears that, as commander of the American forces in the Paris district, he neglected his duty in connection with the administration of the military guard houses and prisoners in the district, according to Colonel Blanton Winship, judge advocate to the congressional investigating commission here in reply to a question.

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